

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his Musick.

Rey. Well my Lord.

Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwel. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

Ophe. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue bin so affrighted

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Closset,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head his stockings fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had beene loosed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Ophe. My Lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Ophe. He took me by the wrift, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He fals to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it; long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus waiting vp and downe,
He raised a sigh so pittious and profound,
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out of doores he went without their helpes,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol.

Prince of Denmarke.

Pol. Come, goe with me, I will go seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of loue,
Whose violent propertie forgoes it selfe,
And leads the will to desperate vndertakings
As oft as any passions vnder heauen
That does afflict our natures: I am sorrie,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord, but as you did command
I did repell his Letters: and denied
His accessse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad,
I am sorrie, that with better heed and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke thee, but beshrow my Iealousie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lacke discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which being kept close, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come.

Exeunt.

Florsb. Enter King and Queene, Rosencrans and
Gylidensterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencrans and Gylidensterne,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation so call it,
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And sith so neighboured to his youth and hauour,
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies.
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

So